JAWS

BEING BIG in Japan can have its drawbacks, 'specially if you're **Little Bob Story**. In his quest for International status, the wee Frenchman with the Vietnamese guitarist (how about that for Internationalism), who sings in broken English, has had his 'Off The Rails' album released in the land of the rising sun.

The song sheet contains a hilarious list of his words in English and obviously they've lost more than a little in the translation.

Take the chorus to 'Little Big Boss' for instance. The blunt original goes:
'He's drinkin' with the Big Boss
Fuckin' with the Big Boss
Givin' his arse to the stars.'
In the nippon translation it becomes:
'Take your little big boss
Don't care little big boss
Giving his horse to the stars.'
And as if that wasn't bad enough they manage to make the first line of 'Round The Corner *'I went to call my baby in the phone box tree'*, which any LBS fan will tell you should be *'I'm waitin' for my baby in a cold dark street'*.

Actually, we can think of a few songwriters who would benefit from the Japs' adventurous imagery, can't you dear readers?

COINCIDENCE CORNER: What in the world! Gasp! Gadzooks! — All expressions left unuttered by opposing teams (Press v. Bronze — Bronze won, the filthy cheats) when the muzak in the foyer of Suicide's Metz hotel suddenly played the theme from 'M*A*S*H'. Filmphreaks among ye may recall the name of the song — 'Suicide Is Painless'. Suicide review, page 50.

KRAZY KAT drummer John Shearer has left and is now looking for another band. He's open to offers (of a musical nature) on 01-888 2509.

Meanwhile, Krazy Kat are auditioning for a replacement drummer and should be back on the road shortly.

WOBBLE IN A BABYLON: So now we know why **Jah Wobble** of J Rotten's new combo is thus dubbed — not simply because he's an avid reggae fiend, but 'cos he's the most effervescent honky toaster/d.j. rapper North of the River . . .

UNLIKELY DUOS I: Subsequent to **Devo**'s involvement in a **Neil Young** movie, the Old Moaner was so knocked out with the Asthma Set that they've cut an as-yet-untitled single together . . .

UNLIKELY DUOS II: And wotsmore, **Neil Young** (*Him again?! — Ed.*) has written a song in favour of J Rotten (*Him again?!? — Ed.*) — who, incidentally, thought 'Zuma' was alright too . . .

CAN SUCH THINGS BE: Very disturbing reports from up and coming indie **Grove Records**. They know they're sitting on an extremely hot property with Wailers chantette **Judy**

Mowatt's 'Black Woman', but, says Mikey Campbell of Grove, just trying to get to talk to radio station jocks is a nightmare. One local radio station did go so far as to inform him that yes, they'd heard the single and thought it was very good, but they couldn't play it as it's — wait for it — *too political*. Maybe they reckon that playing the TRB's 'Up Against The Wall' absolves them from wasting their precious airtime on anything more thought-provoking than 'Loving You Has Made Me Bananas' . . .

SPOTABUGKILLABUG: Squeeze have finally managed to find a cheap hotel in New York with *no roaches*. A serious thing . . .

***WHAT DO TIRED YOUNG** rock and rollers do at 5.30 am following a hard night's relaxation? Well, if they are Phil Lynott and Rich Kid Midge Ure, they will sprawl elegantly in the backyard of Mr Lynott's Cricklewood retreat gazing at some less terrestial stars until daybreak, taking occasional refreshment from the selection of exotic beverages seen behind them. Lensman Chalkie Davies who took the pic swears this is exactly how he found them.*

DADDY WELL KOOL: Dramatic new offer from **Daddy Kool**, ace reggae stockists based at 44, Hanway Street, London W1 — anyone who writes in for their mail order list will receive a free Daddy Kool badge! Hurry up, mate, and don't be late. The good folk of Hanway Street had a jolly laugh this week when they received a phone call from a National Front member who identified himself, with bizarre lack of inhibition or taste, as a white homosexual. The gent ranted and raved like a mini-Hitler, his voice getting ever higher and squeakier as the D. Kool wags egged him on to further vicious idiocy and inane threats of fire and destruction. We can all laugh now — let's hope it stays that way . .

WHAT'S IN A NAME: Seems **The Members** should have known better than to call their new single 'Solitary Confinement'. Talk about speak of the devil . . . Their poor old bass player, Chris Payne, got pulled in by Old Bill for sticking Members posters up all around the tahn. Worse luck the filth found a trace of the old herbal smoking mixture about his person. He was locked away for two nights in . . . you guessed it . . . solitary confinement. When he did eventually come up in court on Saturday morning, he got off with a minimal fifteen nicker fine. His press person, however, was not so lucky. Arriving back from the Colonies recently, he was found to have a quarter of an ounce of — and here we quote — "dynamite grass". Unluckier than Chris, he got done for a cool fifty. And, as if that wasn't enough, the poor bastards had their car nicked from outside the Music Machine on May 26. A blue Anglia, the registration number is 233 CLP. Ring Buzz Carter on 499-4100.

THIS WEEK'S KISS JAWS: The terrifying truth is out, reports our spy in the **Kiss** camp . . . That is to say that **Gene Simmons**, singing on his forthcoming solo album, sounds a lot like **Paul McCartney**. In fact, so close is the resemblance, people are not entirely convinced that it *is* Simmons warbling . . . could Paulie have *really* been one of the many (secret) special guests? Also included on t'album is a song by the name of 'Rotten To The Core' which apparently concerns a certain J. Lydon; not only that but Simmons' galfriend Cher is singing backing vocals on a few tracks. It all sounds too silly for words . . .

ONWARD FROM XTC: Attention all you under-eighteens out there whose mums are cowardly enough to let you bring scurrilous filth like this into the house. **XTC** aren't the only outfit trying to bring a bit of rock and roll culture to you lemonade swiggers. **Rockface**, an amorphous Newcastle-based organisation whose main mouthpiece seems to be our own tame Geordie, **Phil Sutcliffe**, so it must be alright, are planning a special under-18 night at the La Dolce Vita nightclub in Newcastle with local band the **Young Bucks** some time in early July. And although that's only by way of a pilot gig, they are hoping to turn it into a regular fixture. And carrying the under-18s idea even further, they're attempting to set up a youth club circuit. Anyone thinking they could help with that idea should contact Dick Godfrey at Radio Newcastle or Newcastle 814243.

TO GET the **Moody Blues** back into places like Jaws, Decca threw a reception for the lads at Upper Court, Esher in Surrey ex-hang out of Lloyd George.

After the assembled liggers were well sloshed on the champers, strawberries and smoked salmon, the band themselves turned up, minus Mike Pinder, who gracefully turned down the invitation to the party by arranging to be stranded in America with tax problems.

Following a welcoming speech by Decca's 840 year old chairman Sir Edward Lewis, a Securicor van deposited 47 gold and platinum albums which were presented to the group to commemorate their total US/UK sales of 24 million units.

Meanwhile, in neighbouring suburban manque, a Decca van carrying 2,000 copies of the Moodies new album was stolen and later found abandoned without the albums. Is this poetic justice?

MOTORING MISHAPS: Obviously deeply disturbed by their single 'Airport' powering into the charts last week and the imminent release of it on a limited 12 inch blue vinyl edition with an extra cut in a live version of 'Be What You Gotta Be'. The **Motors** *have* been doing some

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The Romance is over

IT'S ALL A JOKE MON: Iggy is now officially classified as 'old information'. No big thing. Ish 3 of the excellent 'Honey that ain't no romance' is the last-older readers may remember the seminal issue 2 which appeared in October 1976 and Harald's flying visit in height of punk euphoria. These days are over, and Honey and Hara and Mechtild have decided to knock it on the head, a brave action which some of us wish certain other people would do. No names, but supply them to fit your prejudice.

***Quote:** 'Remember. September 1976. 'Honey' came out. From then on you could/can read articles/interviews with Iggy Pop in nearly every kind of magazine. When he was down, when nobody wanted him, we pushed stuff into rock mags all over the world...so we kept the thing going, put a lot of energy into it. You all know it wasn't only for that person Iggy Pop — but for the whole movement/style/direction/attitude/, the no-compromise thing. NOW things have changed; Iggy has become conventional/traditional — old information. Iggy Pop — a constitution? Besides what Iggy stood for, there are too many new/modern/experimental things we want to engage in. Maybe we'll find the world's only CIVIL RESIDENTS SECRET-MONGERING or the first PERE UBU STEEL MILL.*
So please note: We/the founders DECIDED TO LIQUIDATE EUROPE'S ONLY IGGY FAN CLUB. IGGY WIPED OUT THE 60'S — BUT THE RESIDENTS WILL INTRODUCE US TO THE 80'S.'

To Harald: our no-bullshit no-compromise Integrity Award. Is it too much to expect, now that what Iggy and punk (most often?) stand for is old info, others to wise up to changing circumstances with no integrity loss? (YES).